Alexander and the Brotherhood of Man, By Charles A. Robinson, Jr.

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JAMES GOULD COZZENS (author of "The Just and the Unjust") "knew something" . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Alexander, Aristotle, and the Brotherhood of Man

CHARLES ALEXANDER ROBINSON, JR.

ALEXANDER III, called the Great, died of a fever at Babylon June 13th, 323 B.C. He was not yet thirty-three years of age and had reigned twelve years and eight months. His greatness lies not only in what he actually did, but also in the fact that by giving a new direction to Greek culture and making it world-wide, he permanently altered the course of history itself.

We are told that with the passing of the great Macedonian a hush fell upon the army. What did the future hold? Would the Grand Army, so recently returned from its conquest of India, be able to keep the empire together, or would it disintegrate in strife? Men knew that an episode in the world's history had ended, but few could guess what the morrow might bring.

Actually, life was never again to be the same, for Alexander had created not only a new world, but also a new conception of the world, the world of common interests. As this new world grew and took shape, its founder was not forgotten. In the very heart of Alexandria, the city he had founded in the Nile Delta, was located his mausoleum, where the humble and the great did him homage. Some men knew, or thought they knew, that from Alexander sprang the idea of the divine right of kings, an idea that was to descend to the Roman emperors and later ages. Still others knew, though perhaps only vaguely, that it was Alexander who had first dreamed of the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God, a vision that has passed on, with varying brilliance, through Stoicism and Christianity to the present. In short, a great man, perhaps the most important European in history, had walked the earth.

Perhaps the most striking fact about the Hellenistic Age—as we call those extraordinary centuries after Alexander's death when Hellenism, or Greek culture, became widespread—is the unity of the large world which had been opened by Alexander's expedition. If some of his ideas took root slowly, such as that of the brotherhood of man, nevertheless his idea of the *oecumene*, the "inhabited world," found immediate acceptance. In the Hellenistic Age man thought of himself more and more as a member of a world society, a society in which there might be (and were) sharp differences, but in which a common culture nonetheless acted as a natural bond. This common culture was different from that of Periclean days, for it was affected both by the rapid rise of the ordinary man and by close contact with Orientalism. In the vast new world, dominated by large monarchical states, man emerged as an individual. He could live anywhere; in fact, the Cynics said, "Make the world your city."

The death of Alexander. From an early Persian print.

We are particularly struck by the complexities and contradictions, in fact by the very modernity, of the Hellenistic Age. The scientific spirit and a keen desire to understand the universe flourished at this time; much labor was spent on editing the writers of the past; but superstition and ignorance remained, and the literature and art, while often interesting and sometimes pleasing, frequently strove for mere effect. Side by side with luxury and sophistication existed poverty and slavery. Mass production and far-flung trade-routes meant wealth, a widening horizon, and social revolution. It meant, too, that new lands—Egypt, India, Turkestan, Iran, China, ca, Western Europe—now came, in one way or another, within the orbit of the greeks. Trade, law, understanding, racial mixture to some extent, and a *lingua franca* (Greek) made the Hellenistic world a single culture-sphere in spite of much warfare.

HOW different this period of history is from the preceding. It took a supreme force to bring it into being. Gone is the small democratic city-state; gone, too, is the homogeneous life concentrated around the Aegean Sea. The high standards of taste, the freedom, responsibility, and intensity of Periclean life are definitely things of the past. But it was this new culture of the Hellenistic Age, in certain respects diluted and in others vitalized, which served as the vehicle of Christianity and Hellenized Rome and Europe. As such, it is Alexander's monument.

History has not been altogether kind to Alexander. His execution of Callisthenes, Aristotle's nephew, inspired the Peripatetic school to loose upon him fierce attacks, which developed into the stereotyped picture of the lucky despot. And yet it must be stressed that, for all his winning personality and admirable character, Alexander did commit certain crimes. His greatest crime was the expedition itself. True, he had never thought of not making it; he had inherited the plan from his father, and Isocrates had preached it; and Persia was the traditional foe. The Persians, however, did not want him; he killed

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multitudes of people and dislocated every part of an old and settled society. But the world being what it was and is, the main question then becomes, what did Alexander plan to do with his conquest?

ALEXANDER was influenced to a preëminent degree by his background. Sprung, according to tradition, from Heracles and Achilles, he was of Greek descent, but from both parents he had some Illyrian (Albanian) blood. His father, Philip, was a rough mountain king, a man of genius, while his mother, Olympias, was an Epirote princess of a fiery passionate nature. This inheritance no doubt accounted for his extraordinary personality, which combined a cold rationalism with a deep mysticism.

Philip provided many persons as Alexander's tutors and teachers and set over them Leonidas, a man of stern temperament and a kinsman of Olympias. But when he saw that his son's nature was unyielding and that he resisted compulsion, but was led by reasoning into the path of duty, he himself tried to persuade rather than to command him; and because he would not wholly entrust the direction and training of the boy to the ordinary teachers of poetry and the formal studies, feeling that it was a matter of too great importance, he sent for the famous and learned philosopher, Aristotle, and paid him a noble and appropriate fee. He also peopled again Aristotle's native city, Stageira, which he had himself destroyed, and restored to it those of its citizens who were in exile or slavery.

As a place where master and pupil could labor and study, Philip assigned them the precinct of the nymphs near Mieza, where four centuries later, in Plutarch's day, the visitor was still shown the stone seats and shady walks of Aristotle. Alexander not only received from his master ethical and political doctrines, but also participated in those more profound teachings which philosophers were wont to communicate to the select few. He learned, for example, that moderation is necessary in government—a virtue he was not likely to get from Olympias—and he also learned, or rather was taught, that all barbarians (non-Greeks) were slaves by nature, especially those of Asia. Alexander did, in fact, become Greek in intellect, and it is important that the Greek point of view, his inheritance, be borne in mind.

Aristotle implanted in the youth a love of learning, of the encyclopaedic sort, with a special interest in scientific investigation and medicine. The study of geography, zoölogy, botany and ethnology was to benefit directly from this, and also the health of his men, for he was not only fond of the theory of medicine, but actually came to the aid of sick friends and prescribed treatments. Aristotle also developed in Alexander a love of the "Iliad" and its hero Achilles, his supposed ancestor. On his expedition to Asia Alexander brought with him a recension of the "Iliad," which Aristotle had made for him, and kept it with his dagger under his pillow at night. For his other reading during the expedition he ordered quantities of books from home, especially the tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

Alexander admired Aristotle at first and loved him (he used to say) more than his father, for the one had given him life, but the other had taught him a noble life. Later on, however, he held the philosopher more or less in suspicion, and the two became estranged. Though Alexander was able to rise above his teacher, it is surprising how little either of the two men really influenced the other.

ALEXANDER'S own inner nature, his mysticism and romanticism and impetuousness, came from his mother. Perhaps from her, too, came the ability to kindle the imagination of multitudes by a single act; as when, for example, a large company sat down one evening to a state banquet at Susa, after the victorious return from India. In the course of the celebration Alexander married Barsine, the daughter of the late Persian king, Darius; at the same time eighty of his officers married daughters of noble Persians and Medes. By his own marriage and those of his friends Alexander wished to place his stamp of approval on the fusion of races, a natural counterpart, as it were, of his belief in the fatherhood of God. He hoped that this might be accomplished by example and persuasion, for he planned neither a deliberate Hellenization of the East nor a barbarization of the Greeks and Macedonians. Those who wished were free to pursue their own national life—and they would inevitably represent the overwhelming majority—but aside this there was to develop a new life based on an interchange and mixture of customs and blood. Here was to be the driving force of the empire—a new nationality, if such it may be called, new hopes and new opportunities, a new attitude toward the world. It could not be achieved in a flash, but as a matter of fact the partial Hellenization of the East, which in

(*Continued on page* 15)

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The Conflict of Scruples

THE JUST AND THE UNJUST. By James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1942. 434 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

AT the age of fifty, and midway in the Cambridge histories, it occured to me that I read only for pleasure. This discovery came from the pretentious dullness of a novel supposed to be the form and source of entertainment. That conclusion, naturally, was wholly personal, since the book in question had a tremendous success. At the same time I lost all interest in the profession of objective criticism. It, too, seemed pretentious and dull. Useful to no one but the critic. Thereafter, an archaic word, I read few if any consciously elevated works of prosy fiction.

All this was recalled by another novel, "The Just and the Unjust," written by James Gould Cozzens. I read it at a sitting, or rather in bed, through a night of intolerable heat. It was the source and form of unbroken pleasure. Fundamentally Mr. Cozzens, remarkable for a novelist, knew something: he knew the law; he wrote with the particularity of an exact and brilliant lens; and his facts were colored by remembered emotion. Undeniably "The Just and the Unjust" was an elevated work, but the story was so well contrived, at once so apparently reasonable and satisfying, that its gravity was no more insistent than the sea under my windows.

The story was simple and, fortunately, very old. It had the merit of an interrogation that must always challenge men and never be answered. Abner Coates, a lawyer, wanted to keep his integrity, his separate and rebellious pride, and at the same time reach a security of position and love. Abner's irrational necessity was to have everything on his own terms.

Nothing dependably wrong, however, justified the extravagance of a superior contempt. Life itself, moving softly in a pattern of violence, subdued every incentive to revolt. I was, personally, soon convinced that Abner Coates's scruples were a nuisance. I swore at him on the side of biology and his best girl. The rationalist in me begged him not to be ridiculous. In other words Mr. Cozzens had created an illusion that was, after all, the essence of Homer's gift to the Greeks—some tranquil hours gained from a totality of night. "The Just and the Unjust," a story, was not once interrupted by the folderol of which was which.

I followed the course of Abner's

—*From the book.*

idiotic behavior with Bonny Drummond exasperated by my inability to kick him. Bonny, too, annoyed me, although it was clear that she gave him all the assistance possible to a crisply pure woman. She was handicapped by the conviction that, like charity, love should begin at home. And my willingness to agree with her was both the measure of Mr. Cozzens's success and a recognition of underlying decency. The inescapable fact that life was not decent simply added to his lustre. Even the qualities of an illusion are hypostatic. There is a vast gulf between the detachment of rationalism and a psychotic insensibility to goodness.

The novelist, sharing the predicament of all public servants, must subsist on what can never be for sale; in a position of trust he is obliged to account for the absolute sum of what he believes and is; and tenacious hope for the best. The countless public servants who did so nicely on an easier accommodation held no significance for "The Just and the Unjust." I finished it, and, turning out the light, realized that his innocence of fugitive and catchpenny devices would have made Mr. Cozzens plain to Hammurabi, Aristotle, and Lord Coke. Men hard-tempered in the law. The night had a property of liquid tar and the sea lay hushed and impartial over the submarines off shore.

The Big Sur Country

DEEP VALLEY. By Dan Totheroh. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 312 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

POINT SUR on the California coast has a lighthouse, an important landmark for coastwise shipping. Among readers, however, it is better known for its place in the "Robinson Jeffers country." The Big Sur River takes its name from the point, and the "Big Sur country" is the surrounding region, closely penned in between the ocean and the high Santa Lucia Mountains.

Such nooks and crannies of the world (it is generally believed) either draw to themselves, or produce by inbreeding, numerous distorted men and women. This is what the writings of Mr. Jeffers would lead us to believe of the Big Sur country, and now Mr. Totheroh adds confirmatory testimony. As to the actual truth, the present reviewer has some doubts, for he once knew a native of the region who was highly shocked at the goings-on in "The Women at Point Sur," and protested that the inhabitants thereabouts (naming them all individually) were nice ranching folk, as normal as a state of unrest in the Balkans. They knew not, nor practised, sodomy, onanism, Lesbianism, sadism, parracide, and incest; and upon even the simpler forms of adultery and murder they looked somewhat askance.

Be this as it may, the matter is probably of no great critical importance; Mr. Jeffers as a poet and Mr. Totheroh as a novelist must be judged not so much upon the accuracy of their regionalism as upon the nature of the dream-worlds which they have created.

"Deep Valley" begins its action at a critical moment in the life of the region—the putting through of the new highway which to some extent has cracked the isolation of the Big Sur. Libbie Saul, loveless and suppressed, lives there with her father and mother, who have not spoken to each other for years. In the road-working convict gang is Barry, ex-sailor, mutineer, and lover of women. His path crosses Libbie's, and around their love—its fierce meetings and hurried partings—the story develops, and becomes involved in a web of Big Sur violence.

It is unfortunate that much of the novel seems to such a degree reminiscent of Mr. Jeffers. Not only do we have the setting itself, together with the character-types and the violence of action, but there is even such a detail as the frequent use of the hawk for symbolic purposes.

Mr. Totheroh has written much for Hollywood lately, and his novel shows, to both debit and credit, some of the Hollywood markings. That almost all his characters are psychologically warped, is perhaps the result of the Big Sur literary tradition. The novel is conceived almost entirely in scene, with a minimum of dull connective detail, and a maximum of action both physical and emotional. The writing is frequently vivid, sometimes beautiful.

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—Drawing by Rollin Kirby from "He Who Laughs—Lasts."

In the Shadow of Attila

EUROPE IN REVOLT. By René Kraus. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 563 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LEO LANIA

THE new book of René Kraus differs from the many others published recently on the same subject in that the author not only describes the heroic battles of the oppressed peoples but also exposes the mechanism of Hitler's "New Order." President Roosevelt once said that this "New Order" is "neither new nor an order." And, in fact, the methods applied by Hitler's henchmen and agents —the execution of hostages, the destruction of entire cities, wholesale robbery and murder—were established practices as far back as the Dark Ages.

It is true also that the Nazis, in spite of their terror, have failed to establish any semblance of order in the occupied territories. But the fact that needs to be emphasized, with respect to the Nazis, is that never before in history have crimes been committed so systematically, on such a scientific basis, so-to-speak. It is in this that the Nazis have reached a perfect "new order."

On the basis of extensive data, Kraus has written a complete natural history of such an order. He tells the story of the occupied countries since the Nazi invasion, one after the other; he depicts the preparation of these conquests, he portrays the men who rule these countries as Hitler's governors —and these biographies of the masters and the lackeys make not pleasant but certainly compelling reading.

Politically more important is the description of the mechanism of the economic order, of the German slave market and of the robbery and exploitation that exist everywhere on the Continent. The account of the Germanization of Alsace-Lorraine, of the New Order in Slovakia and in Slovania, of the Chambers of Horror in Norway and Poland is horrifying. And, as the author points out, these are facts, not fables by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Kraus writes well. The book, though it contains a plethora of data and information, is nowhere dry or academic. The sole criticism that can be leveled against the author is that here and there, in his effort to provide dramatic effects, he gives the reader too much of a good thing. When, for instance, Kraus reports what Hangman Heydrich and Protector Neurath said to each other in confidence, or in what words one or another of the Nazi chiefs recommended an execution to his subordinates, he abandons the role of reporter and becomes the novelist. And that is a pity, for the sober report is far more exciting than any fiction. But such occasional digressions cannot take away from the value of this account.

It is a warning and an assurance at the same time. A warning against mistakes and misunderstandings that we must avoid if we want to frustrate the criminal conspiracy of the Fifth Columnists; and an assurance, because the spirit of sacrifice and of heroism that animates the men and women of occupied Europe is the best guarantee for their liberation and our victory.

Nipponese Fancy

HOW JAPAN PLANS TO WIN. By Kinoaki Matsuo. A Translation by Kilsoo K. Haan of the Japanese book, "The Three-Power Alliance and a United States-Japanese War." Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1942. 323 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

THIS is said to be a translation of a book written in Japanese by an intelligence officer who acted in a liaison capacity between the Imperial navy and the Foreign Ministry. For a good measure he is a member of the notorious terrorist society, the Black Dragon. The translator, Mr. Kilsoo K. Haan, is Washington representative of the Sino-Korean People's League.

The volume reflects no discredit on the translator, but a great deal on the author. We are treated to many somewhat trivial opinions by a Japanese writer who must have had immature readers in mind. He certainly does not know the world that he writes about. He knows America least of all. There are fantastic reports about alleged American preparations to attack Japan with gas, germs—yes, even death rays.

The book makes at least one significant revelation about Japan. The author refers bitterly to "our pro-Americans." At the time he wrote this work apparently there were Japanese who did not like the headlong rush toward war with the United States. There are also not well-disguised attempts to allay the fear of American air raids on Tokyo. But the writer admits: "In the case of a wide city such as Tokyo, with so many wooden buildings, the whole city will become a target for bombing." That is one of the few notable understatements in the book.

But how does Japan plan to win? With the aid of her Axis allies, by taking the Philippines, Midway, and other American bases, even Hawaii. The Panama Canal is to fall into Japanese hands. The author shuttles his fleets back and forth, fighting naval battles all over the Pacific. Needless to say, he makes sure that the American navy gets the worst of this conflict. And in the end we are forced to sue for peace.

This kind of a book may appeal to a Japanese school boy. But the reviewer doubts that it will evoke much interest among adult Americans. A volume which seriously exposed the Nipponese plan of making war against us would serve a useful purpose. This work throws more light on the mentality of the author than on Japan's plan of waging war in the Pacific.

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Speaking of Prophecies....

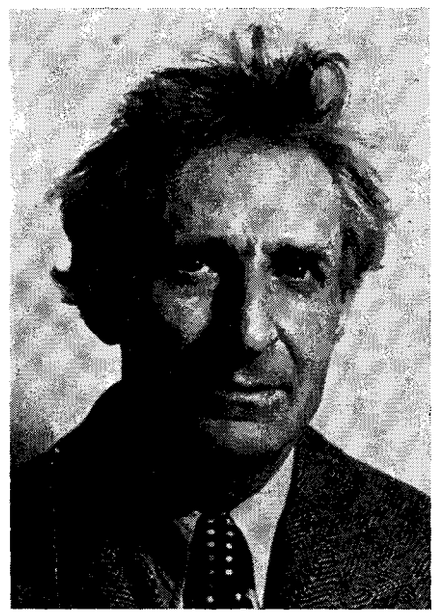
ALBERT PARRY

BEING the possessor of a Ph. D. degree in history from a reputable university I am asked uncomfortably often what I think is going to happen in Russia, Libya, India, Australia, and the Aleutian Islands. My answer is unshakable: "It's against our trade-union rules to predict anything." This does not prevent me from collecting other people's prophecies. It's a sort of hobby with me, and from time to time I publish briefs on certain phases of my collection. Similarly, with delight and a homicidal eye I hail just such volumes as Mr. Cournos's anthology of forecasts.* A book like that usually provides me with a valve to release my own pet theories and assorted knowledge on the subject.

Let me state my complaints first, then proceed with plaudits. I am pained when the otherwise scientific Mr. Cournos pays grave court to Nostradamus, that self-advertised doctor, scholar, poet, and prophet of the sixteenth century. Mr. Cournos devotes entirely too much space to him—some eighty pages out of the book's 274—seriously holding with other and less learned commentators than himself that Nostradamus indeed predicted Napoleon, Hitler, and other calamities. Pleasant to think so—after all, according to a recent Hollywood short, the old sage not only predicted World War II but also America's victory therein—yet, when you turn to the actual verses in which Nostradamus wrote his prophecies, you find them vague, involved, full of anagrams and other riddles which can be, and have been, interpreted at various times in sundry ways to mean different things.

Nor do I have patience with anyone's claim to, or acceptance of, occult powers. Amid the admirably cool and sensible arguments of Mr. Cournos, I am surprised to read this statement of his: "It is undeniable that Rasputin possessed clairvoyant powers." Did he? Does anyone? Actually it took no supernatural gift for any smart Russian in 1914 to foresee a defeat for the Czar's armies and a revolution as a result of it. Rasputin predicted the end of the dynasty because only a few years before, in 1904-05, the inefficient Romanovs and their corrupt nobles had lost a less difficult contest—the Russo-Japanese war. That catastrophe had unleashed a revolt, which was quelled only after a great effort. Millions of Russians knew in 1914 that 1905 had been but a rehearsal, and that one more failure in a foreign war would not be survived by the Romanovs and their system. Nothing occult about that.

Luck is with many short-range prophecies when they are made on the basis of well-known data of past history and present performance of a nation or nations in question. Mr. Cournos and I agree wherever he stands in no mystical awe but finds the base of a prophecy in "reasonable deduction from developing conditions of life." I am glad that under this category he reproduces Goethe's prevision in 1827 of the Panama and Suez canals; Smollett's prediction, made in



John Cournos

1771, of the French Revolution; and that remarkable glance into the future cast in 1784 by our own Benjamin Franklin: "Five thousand balloons, capable of raising two men each, could not cost more than five ships of the line; and where is there a prince who can afford so to cover his country with troops for its defense that 10,000 men descending from the clouds might not in many places do an infinite deal of mischief, before a force could be brought together to repel them?"

I concede that Franklin's prophecy was not a short-range one. Still, the long range does not make such prophecies supernatural. Together with Mr. Cournos I stand full of admiration (although, I flatter myself, in no occult marvel) before an earlier writer who also saw two centuries ahead—before Dr. Samuel Johnson who wrote in 1759: "But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas, could afford any security. A flight of northern savages might hover in the wind, and light at once with irresistible violence upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them." Equal tribute is due to that sweeping forecast of a battle in the skies written by Thomas Gray in 1737 in his poem, "Luna Habitabilis." Translated from its Latin, the prophecy reads:

The time will come when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle in the skies;
While aged peasants, too amazed for words,
Stare at the flying feet of wondrous birds.

England, so long the mistress of the sea,
Where winds and waves confess her sovereignty,

Her ancient triumphs yet shall bow on high
And reign the sovereign of the conquered sky.

Compared with such visions, pale indeed is the 1856 prediction by Andrew Jackson Davis of trains that would go from our East Coast to California in four days. Made amidst a spurt of railroad construction in America, the Davis prophecy is on a par with the perfectly plausible forecasts we hear today as to the increased and speeded-up travel and cargo-shipment by air that are bound to result from World War II. A better prophecy on railroads to include in Mr. Cournos's anthology would have been the one by Oliver Evans, the man who built the first American steam engine and ran it on the streets of Philadelphia with no tracks but quite successfully. In 1813, years before our first railroad, Evans wrote: "The time will come when people will travel in stages moved by steam engines, from one city to another, almost as fast as birds fly. . . . Two sets of railways will be laid . . . so that they [the carriages] may pass each other in different directions, and travel by night as well as by day; and the passengers will sleep in these stages . . . comfortably. . . . *The body of the carriages will be shaped like swimming fish, to pass easily through the air . . .*" Italics are mine, thereby

**A BOOK OF PROPHECY FROM THE EGYPTIANS TO HITLER. Edited with an introduction by John Cournos. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 274 pp. $2.50.*

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to say: Here is your streamlined train, 125 years before fact!*

And this leads me to maintain that a prophecy can also be a wishful thought of one generation serving as a bold blueprint for another age. Mr. Cournos hints at this, even if too sketchily. Truly, many oldtime fantasies of speedy travel by rail or air, also of battles in the skies or underwater, were but reflections of laboratory work that went on for centuries until it finally fruited in the inventions and methods we have today.

Sometimes a prophecy was a warning, unheeded by the prophet's own people but painstakingly noted by an all-too-clever foe. It may not be farfetched to suppose that someone on Hitler's staff is constantly scanning old and new fantastic and utopian writings on facts of future life, thus gaining for Der Fuehrer a few handy ideas for his warfare. We know that the Nazis borrowed the main idea of parachute troops from the Soviet Army, but a few trimmings and variations of the stunt might have been gleaned from such writers as Franklin, Johnson, *et al.* Somehow, somewhere, writers play their role. In discussing "Red Napoleon" by Floyd Gibbons, I once remarked that the *Blitzkrieg* of the Nazis in 1939-41 was astonishingly reminiscent of the methods described by Gibbons in 1929 in his imaginary account of war in Europe—down to a decisive break-through of French lines at the Meuse and Sedan!

One reason for this close attention by the foe is that some of the fictioneers were careful enough to base their fancies on facts jolly-well known to, and plans made by, the best military experts of their times and nations. Mr. Cournos regrettably omits to mention the case of Homer Lea or generally to trace the white man's uneasy forecasts of Nippon's behavior. My thesis is that in those forecasts the militarists of Tokyo have found much of their encouragement and practical guidance. In the cozy days of 1909, when Homer Lea in his "The Valor of Ignorance" imagined an attack upon an unprepared United States by a well-prepared Japan, not many Americans rushed to bookshops or libraries. In Japan, however, the book soon became favorite reading. Since Homer Lea knew his geopolitical onions, his Japanese public found much of profit in the pages of the book. The invasion of the Philippines in December, 1941, practically followed Lea's scenario of 1909.

Or listen to this:

> I look forward some forty or fifty years and foresee a Japanese naval squadron entering this harbor, as I have done, and demanding surrender of Manila and the Philippines, with the plan of making these islands part of a great Japanese empire of the future. I will not live to see what you will witness if you live your ordinary life. That will be the conquest of China by Japan, and when that is done, the conquest of all the island possessions from north to south.

Yes, you guessed it—this was Admiral Dewey speaking, while standing on the deck of his flagship soon after the Battle of Manila in 1898.*

Some brainy prophets even suggested precisely where the gentlemen of Japan might find their best accomplices for the great pillage. Who would have dreamt that Nippon was to attack in an efficient combination with Germany and Italy? Neither you nor I, but an English writer named W. R. Crockett did. He wrote back in 1930, when Hitler had not as yet come to power and was a mere funnyman to a vast majority of people, and when the name of Mussolini was associated mainly with making Italian trains run on time and feeding castor oil to his opponents. And here is what Crocker wrote in the closing lines of his book, "The Japanese Population Problem; the Coming Crisis":

> As things are at present it is not foolish to speculate on a world two or three decades hence perplexed and menaced by an alliance between Japan and Italy and Germany.—Japan, Italy, Germany, all have claims on International Society. In the future their claims will become more pressing. If there be no legal means in existence for satisfying the claims, Necessity may force these Powers to attempt illegal means. *It is a prospect to avoid which will be worth every effort: utility rather than justice demands it.*

I italicize a prophecy of appeasement contained in that last sentence. Prophecy? Promise is a better-fitting word. It is my thought that some men and nations draw rather more then idle amusement from reading other men's predictions. A literature of prophecy, produced by one nation, thus becomes a timetable—a weapon—for another. That is how at least some forecasts come disquietingly true!

*Should Mr. Cournos or anyone else wish to avail himself of the full text of this intriguing forecast, I refer him to "Concerning Railway Travel" in *Patent Right Oppression Exposed* (Philadelphia, 1813) by Patrick N. I. Elisha, Esq. Poet Laureate—penname used by Oliver Evans in his vitriolic attacks on his enemies in legislative bodies who refused to "grant the inventor such protection as might have enabled him to put in operation these great improvements sooner." The Evans prophecy is reproduced on pp. 327-32 of "Harper's Literary Museum," selected from early American Writings, compiled by Ola Elizabeth Winslow (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1927).

*This prophecy by Admiral Dewey is quoted by Bryce Oliver in "Japan Takes Over the Philippines," *The American Mercury*, November 1939. He gives no source, and my own search in literature on Dewey has failed to confirm the quotation, but I assume authenticity of word by Mr. Oliver, who is a reputable radio news commentator and was formerly with the United Press.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Edward Collins

GOVERNESSES IN LITERATURE

Mr. Thornton F. Holder, of Bronxville, New York, is the author of this week's quiz. From the brief description of each governess, can you identify the story in which she appeared and the author who created her? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 13.

1. This governess left France and came to America after the trial of her master for the murder of her mistress.

2. Sherlock Holmes failed to recover her father's fortune for this governess, but she was partly consoled by marrying Dr. Watson.

3. This governess had to protect her charges from the ghost of her predecessor.

4. This governess was struck deaf when she shot her charge's enemy.

5. And this governess married the half-brother of her two charges and became a lady of fashion.

6. She had "a face so face-like in its appearance as to be positively facial," as well as some knowledge of mining engineering and how to say yes in six languages.

7. This governess, during the ceremony at which she was being married to her charge's guardian, learned of his living but mentally deranged wife.

8. This slightly deaf nursery maid, confusing "pilot" and "pirate," apprenticed her charge to a buccaneer.

9. After leaving her happy home to run off with an unprincipled captain, she returned some time later to become governess to her own children.

10. This governess took her charge to see the changing of the guard at Buckingham palace.

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Obstreperous River

THE ALLEGHENY. By Frederick Way, Jr., New York: Farrar & Rinehart, Inc. 1942. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT L. ESKEW

EVERY time a new volume of the "Rivers of America" series comes from the press, I read it avidly, and recall something that happened on a Sunday afternoon more than fifteen years ago. That day, Muna Lee, poet and wife of the Central American Statesman, Luis Muñoz Marin, was having one of her engaging little "authors' gatherings" at her brownstone home in the West '80's. Chard Powers Smith was there, I recall; so was Margaret Widdemar and, I believe, Elinor Wiley, Constance Lindsey Skinner, and many other established authors, as well as a number of novices—myself among them.

Finding that I had an hereditary love of rivers and boats, Miss Skinner sat down and we had a long talk. I was a youngster then—a feature writer for the *New York Times*—and Miss Skinner had some kind things to say about a yarn I had recently written recounting a steamboat trip from Charleston on the Kanawha to New Orleans. She was a rather a large person, dark eyed, kindly, a low-voiced fascinating conversationalist. Best of all, she had a way of fixing her listening attention upon the person she was talking with as though his opinions were the most important matter in the world at the moment.

"I have always felt," she told me, "that the real story of America is the story of its rivers. I have found that every American who has lived near one has in his heart the haunting nostalgic love of some river which he once knew. I wonder if a series of river books, each concerning one American river . . . "

It pleases me to think that the Rivers of America series stemmed from that conversation—though of course Miss Skinner must have been toying with the idea for some time before that Sunday afternoon fifteen years ago.

So that now, opening the seventeenth volume of the series—"The Allegheny," by Frederick Way, Jr., I pay new homage to the originator of the idea no less than to Carl Carmer and Steve Benét for continuing the series in so admirable a manner.

Farrar and Rinehart would have had to go far to find fitter hands in which to place the biography of the obstreperous Allegheny River. Frederick Way knows and loves his rivers from childhood—the whole Mississippi System, of which the Allegheny is one of the northeastern tributaries. For some years now he has been piloting towboats with large convoys of barges out of Pittsburgh. Before that, he owned and commanded one of the last sternwheel river packets running between Cincinnati and Pittsburgh—an experience recorded in a former book, "The Log of the Betsy Ann."

You have a feeling, reading his story of the Allegheny, that Way had a lot of fun writing it. Though he writes in a maturer style than formerly, there is a pleasing, enthusiastic nonchalance of manner in the recounting of this story. An undeniable whimsical quality runs throughout his yarn. And if, at times, that whimsicality *does* have a pronounced tendency to get out of hand. Way at once atones by recounting some valuable interest-holding incident, historical or otherwise; or some story of the "tall tale" variety which he has picked up among the old river men of his vicinity.

To get a first-hand impression of the upper uproarious reaches of the Allegheny, Way and a friend got in a rowboat at Olean, New York, and came pirooting down, negotiating rapids and knocking the tops off of rocks in the channel. But the book is far more than the record of a trip. You find out some startling things about this unruly river and its valley, the cities along its banks, its once lively metropolises, its ghost towns, its succeeding phases of commercial importance.

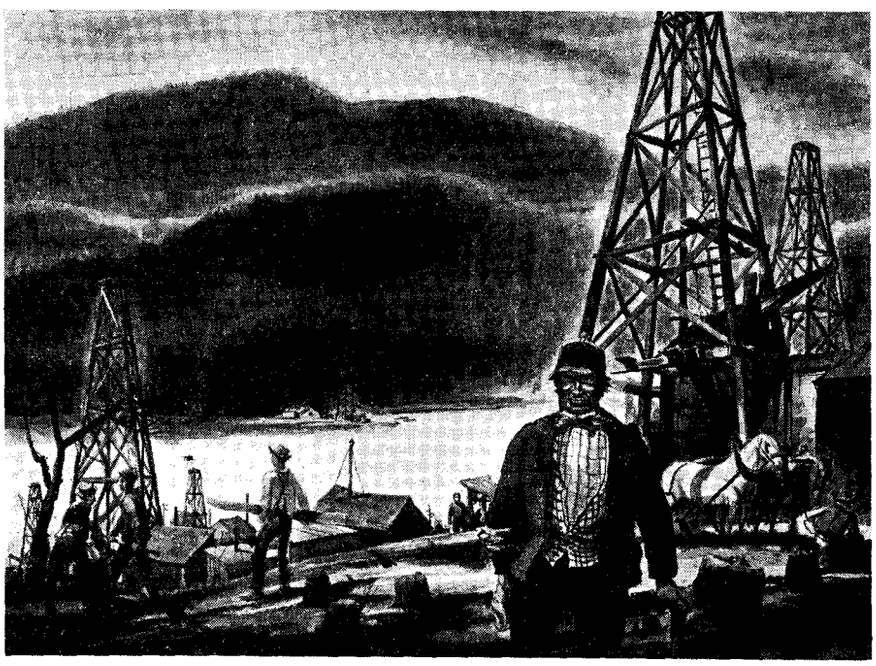
Mainly, of course, the oil boom—Titusville, Oil Creek, Coal Oil Johnny and the fabulous fortunes resulting from "striking ile" more than three quarters of a century ago.

Though Captain Way does not always indicate, as definitely as I feel he should, the line between legend and fact, the oil stories are extremely stimulating! Better are the steamboat stories. Here his first-hand familiarity with the boats and the rivers stands him in excellent stead. He writes as one having authority and not as the mere river scribes!

These are days when the Mississippi River System carries a larger commerce than ever before in its history. These great inland rivers are an indispensable highway serving Midland America. What is happening on them just now may have a vital bearing on the future well-being of the entire nation. And there are steamboat pilots in 1942 busy guiding the mighty cargoes up and down the historic streams with a skill that equals even Horace Bixby's.

Frederick Way is one of those pilots. It is pleasant to think of him standing his watch in the pilot house, gliding along some dark river under the stars, looking ahead over the long expanse of barges to the jackstaff on the head of the tow, as he perhaps formulated in his mind the river book which I now hold in my hands. It is even more a pleasure to read this latest edition to the Rivers of America series.

Two new Giants will be added to the Modern Library this Fall: "The Complete Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway," and Dostoyevsky's "The Idiot," with eight full-page gravure illustrations and numerous line drawings by Boardman Robinson.



—From the book.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature
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Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
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William Rose Benét
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BYRON—POET OF THE UNITED NATIONS

THAT Byron presaged the future with the prevision of genius is proved by his definition of poetry in his journal—a definition hitherto misunderstood, but yet the best I know: "Poetry is the feeling of a former world and of a future." Poet as he was, he preferred activity for good, to all that his art could do. Surrounded by slaves and their oppressors; a traveler in countries where even remembrance seemed extinct; never did he desert the cause of free peoples; never was he false to human sympathies. He preserved and publicly proclaimed his faith in the rights of the peoples and in the final triumph of liberty:

Yet, Freedom! yet, thy banner torn, but flying,
Streams, like the thunder-storm, against the wind:
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind.
The tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts—and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North,
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

The following passage from Byron's journal is the very abstract of the law governing the efforts of the true party of progress at the present day:

> Onwards, it is now the time to act; and what signifies self, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenchably to the future. It is not one man, nor a million, but the *spirit* of liberty which must be spread. The waves which dash on the shore are, one by one, broken; but yet the ocean conquers nevertheless. It overwhelms the armadas; it wears the rock; and if the Neptunians are to be believed, it has not only destroyed but made a world.

Wherever he saw a spark of noble life stirring, he was ready for any exertion; or danger, to blow it into a flame. He stigmatized baseness, hypocrisy, and injustice, whencesoever they sprang.

Thus lived Byron, ceaselessly tempest-tossed between the ills of the present and his yearnings after the future; often unequal; sometimes skeptical; but always suffering—often most so when he seemed to laugh; and always loving, even when he seemed to curse.

Never did "the eternal spirit of the chainless mind" make a brighter apparition among us. He seems at times a transformation of that immortal Prometheus, of whom he has written so nobly; whose cry of agony, yet of futurity, sounded above the cradle of the European world; and whose grand and mysterious form, transfigured by time, reappears from age to age, between the entombment of one epoch and the accession of another; to wail forth the lament of genius, tortured by the presentment of things it will not see realized in its time. Byron, too, had the "firm will" and the "deep sense"; he, too, made of his "death a victory." When he heard the cry of nationality and liberty burst forth in the land he had loved and sung in early youth, he broke his harp and set forth. He, the poet and pretended skeptic, hastened to throw his fortune, his genius, and his life at the feet of the Greeks—the first people that had arisen in the name of the nationality and liberty he loved.

I know of no more beautiful symbol of the future destiny and mission of art than the death of Byron in Greece. The holy alliance of poetry with the cause of the peoples; the union—still so rare—of thought and action—which alone completes the human Word, and is destined to emancipate the world; the grand solidarity of all nations in the conquest of the rights ordained by God for all his children, and in the accomplishment of that mission for which alone such rights exist—all that is now the religion and the hope of the party of progress, is gloriously typified in this image, which we, barbarians that we are, have already forgotten.

The day will come which democracy will remember all that it owes to Byron. England, too, will, I hope, one day remember the mission—so entirely English, yet hitherto overlooked by her—which Byron fulfilled on the Continent. From him dates the sympathy of all the true-hearted among us for this land of liberty, whose true vocation he so worthily represented among the oppressed. He led the genius of Britain on a pligrimage throughout all Europe. Giuseppe Mazzini.

This guest editorial is drawn from an essay titled "Byron and Goethe," published in London almost one hundred years ago.

It Is Harder Now to Die

By Robert T. Tristram Coffin

WHERE these ancient dead men lie
It seems an easy thing to die.
The death's-head cherubs show their teeth
In marble smiles, but they unsheathe
Wings each side each hollow eye;
They promised these old men the sky,
After sweat and work and pain,
The long ears of eternal grain,
Where never scythe flashed in the sun,
October and April were as one.
Our fathers had it easy going—
Begetting, eating, begetting, mowing.
They knew when they had done well by life;
It was when they had picked a wife,
Begot as many sons as able,
Filled both sides of the harvest table
With men with hands made big by corn
And knees knit tough as apple-thorn,
Each square man on his square seat.
Good fathers watched the good sons eat
Along the table they had hewed,
Eat their own home hearty food—
Pork and buttermilk, hulled corn, eggs.
And the farmers spread their legs
And knew Jehovah smiled to be
Present in such fecundity.

Now we men are not so sure
God visits us in one boy more
And runs about in cloth descended
From our trousers, patched and mended.
We find it harder now to die,
Drop the plow and let it lie.
We find it harder to walk out nights
Under the Milky Way's fog of lights
And feel confident and certain
What lies out beyond that curtain.
Sometimes we think it would be well
To hold a small son's hand and tell
Him of seeds and stars, hereafter,
And go knee-deep in early laughter.
We are not sure we want to rest
Forever, not sure that it is best
For a man to beget all his sons
Here and now. We may want ones
Out past all the stars above.
We do not want to finish love
So exactly and so neat.
Maybe there should be some sweet
Corn that needs to swell and sprout
In fields where all the stars are out.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Character vs. Intellect

SIRS—In the *SRL* for July 4th, Ordway Tead quotes Prof. Carl Friedrich of Harvard University as writing in "The New Belief in The Common Man.":

> The common man is trustworthy because he is, in the aggregate, a man of character rather than of intellect. . . . In the forming of political judgment, character is more important than intellect . . . intellect interferes with character.

Mr. Tead seriously questions the validity of these statements—and he has reason: They are, I think, the exact opposite of the truth. The perverted and amoral genius and the noble peasant exist, of course (chiefly in Romantic Literature) but, by and large, experience has shown that intelligence and "character," stupidity and viciousness, are all-but-inseparaple pairs.

I can not recall the exact time and place, but, quite recently, a study of the correlation between intelligence and character was conducted by a group of educators. A series of tests showed quite conclusively that, with very few exceptions, the more intelligent the child, the more honest, loyal, kind and coöperative he was. (I believe this interesting experiment was reported in *The Reader's Digest*).

The dichotomy between intelligence and character is so essentially a German (not merely a Nazi) doctrine, and the evils which spring from it—the dangerous nonsense of "thinking with the Good," which is to say with passion, prejudice and primodial instinct—are so fundamentally inimical to enlightened democratic government, that I could not let Prof Friedrich's remarks pass without further rebuttal, however trite.

KATHERINE GRANT STERNE.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

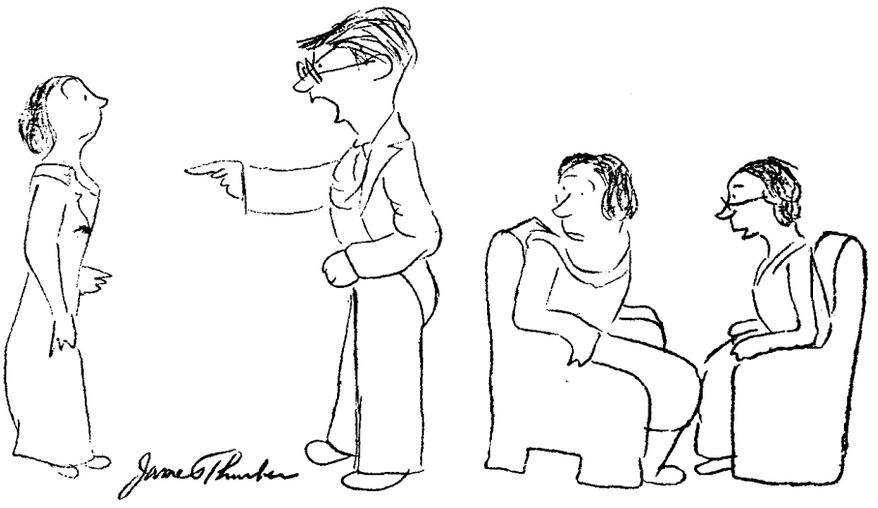
Must We Hate to Fight?

SIR:—Both your debaters on the question "Must we hate to fight?" are disposed to argue from theory rather than to appeal to experience. One advantage of appealing to experience is that it requires us to define at once what we mean by hating. The distinction between hating a false ideal and hating a person does not exhaust the theme: one must also discriminate between persons. All fighting is done against the soldier on the other side; hence, if personal hating is essential, you ought to hate that soldier. If you merely hate the man who ordered that soldier to be mobilized, it is all the same as just hating his abstract principle so far as concerns fighting that soldier.

In the early stages of the training of the draftees the papers reported that a certain general had prescribed to a trainee that he should conceive the object at the other end of the trajectory of his bullet not as a hostile machine-gun nest but as a damned yellow Japanese bastard, or some such words. If the report was true (as to which I take no responsibility), then that general not only believed the doctrine that to fight well you must hate, but meant to make that doctrine mean what it said. The question is whether the general, as reported, was right.

Military history, I think, says no. No troops have fought more determinedly and efficiently than troops whose personal feelings toward the men on the other side were friendly enough. Northern and Southern soldiers in the war of 1861 were ready to fraternize socially on any opportunity, but fought most bloodily on the field. Just now in China all reports agree that the Chinese Communists have done the most implacable, most efficient, and most destructive of fighting, but have shown, and been taught to show, the utmost personal friendliness toward Japanese soldiers when not fighting. Anecdotes of the first World War show that in spite of the atrocity stories which were circulated at the front, the commanders had difficulty in restraining the men's tendency to fraternize socially with the men on the other side. But they certainly fought.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON



"Sh-hh! He's unmasking her ideology."

(Reprinted by request.)

Who Wrote This?

SIR:—Will some kindly reader help me, please?

Many years ago I read a dog story, entitled "At the Gate," but I do not recall the author's name.

I think it was published in *Harper's*, or it may have been in a short story anthology.

The story was a poignant little sketch concerning the souls of dogs that had died but who refused to enter the heavenly gate until their masters, still alive, could join them. As they waited, looking anxiously down the long road, they discussed their lives and the people with whom they had lived. It was a beautiful little idea and charmingly written, and I have wanted, ever since, to find it and buy it. Now that I have lost my own dog the need of re-reading that story seems more important than ever before.

Please forgive my emotionalism, but "Jerry" was that kind of dog.

I would be so grateful for any help in tracing this story.

JULIETTE LAINE.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Words and the War

SIR:—I remain deeply impressed by Mr. Benét's stirring statements on the dynamic essence of words. His resistance to Mr. Fadiman's skepticism as to the value of words to win the war is not only revealing of Mr. Fadiman's lack of centre; it also illustrates the fundamental quality of literature to dynamically express ideas to mankind which, in turn, create concrete effects: good effects arising from the transmission of the truth.

His position further reveals that literature is not necessarily a product of introversion but, in its best form, is a red-blooded power that creates strength, well-being and controlled action. Words which arise from a true source are action. Mr. Benét's essay on this point is prima facie evidence of this activity of words. The intensity of that activity depends on the source of the writer's personal integrity.

Literature is dynamic when it represents the truth and truth itself is not only a power in peace-time but during war as well.

HOWARD R. STACK, JR.

Detroit, Mich.

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Costain . . .

FOR MY GREAT FOLLY. By Thomas B. Costain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1942. 504 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

JOHN WARD (*fl.* 1603-1615, says the *D. N. B.* in an article which demonstrates the paucity of documentary evidence concerning his activities either piratical or patriotic) was one of those questionable characters whom history occasionally leaves floating somewhere between the realms of fact and of legend. Pirate he undoubtedly was, even though we accept the statement that balladry puts in his mouth, "I never wronged an English ship." Undoubtedly also he established himself in Tunis, where he lived in ostentatious splendor on the proceeds of the Mediterranean shipping that crossed his bows. And that is all we can know about him with any degree of certitude. But, as a hero for swashbuckling romance, he needs nothing more in the way of credentials. He needs only an inventive, enthusiastic, and slightly credulous tale-teller behind him, and that Mr. Costain spectacularly is. Also, perhaps, he needs a kind of super-English uprightness, if he is to avoid the moral pitfalls of piracy, but that too Mr. Costain very adroitly manages.

He is not an ordinary pirate. He did not, as the *D. N. B.* so blandly states, plunder "all that came in his way with exemplary impartiality." Indeed, no! He was a far-sighted, noble-minded Empire-builder who, disgusted with the Spanish bootlicking and the pusillanimity of James I, donned the armor of Drake and Grenville and Raleigh, organized the Free Rovers of the Barbary Coast, freed the Inner Sea from its Spanish and Venetian overlords, and opened the lanes of commerce to British merchants. That he was forced to do all this against the orders of his king, that he was outlawed and very nearly martyred, only augments his glory—and, incidentally, makes a better yarn.

But this is a novel, and by no means a serious historical thesis. It is as full of excitements as the indolent's garden is of purslane. It is gusty, and ribald, and almost a shade too vernacular. There are sea-fights and land-fights, lusty duels, diabolic plots, and snaky intrigues. Its characters, John Ward chief among them, are flamboyantly decorative and romantically enthralling. It is true that the narrator and technical hero is rather too much like a modern Boy Scout, but John Ward makes up for that defect. It brushes, perhaps a bit too rashly, the skirts of real history, notably in a

—*Eric Schaal*

Thomas B. Costain

remarkable scene with Francis Bacon, but, after all, it is romance and Clio need not be shocked. Even that austere lady probably liked good reading in a hot August.

Hubner . . .

THE FABULOUS PEOPLE. By Robert Norman Hubner. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1942. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

HERE is a meritorious first novel. Robert Norman Hubner spent a year in Japan as a newspaper man, immediately before and after the outbreak of war in 1939, and gained considerable insight into the traditions and customs which suicidally swept that nation into the vortex of war. You may not appreciate or share the author's sympathetic understanding of the Japanese people, fanatically loyal to their Mikado; but you will enjoy his satirical contempt for their imperialistic masters, fomenting anti-foreign sentiment and hell-bent on world conquest. And you will be amused by the absurd but realistic antics of a heterogeneous collection of foreign screwballs who are loosely integrated into a rather plotless but entertaining story,—a California-educated Princess Salote, of the Friendly Islands, a blonde Russian *emigre,* a Reuter's correspondent, a hard-drinking American publicist employed by Japan, and others.

If the story ends rather abruptly, you have, nevertheless, gained an insight into emperor-worship, the brothels of the Yoshiwara, and police inquisitions and espionage, especially the latter. Altogether, "The Fabulous People" adds up to an entertaining as well as informative book.

DeFord . . .

SHAKEN WITH THE WIND. By Miriam Allen DeFord. New York: Doubleday Doran. 1942. 298 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM BATES

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD'S terrible and searching picture of Blanche Rankin cannot be called the portrait of a lady; that would be too ironic, nor the portrait of a woman for that suggests strength; perhaps it will have to stand as the portrait of a girl who never grew up. Only there are no pleasant Barrie-like implications here. Blanche lived in a very real and unsympathetic world—it never tried to understand Blanche and Blanche was incapable of ever understanding it. If she had been born twenty years earlier, a neat ready-to-fit cubby hole in the social structure would probably have saved her from her own incapacities; twenty years later and she might have been a white collar girl with pride in herself and a recognized goal ahead. But she was born just before the nineties, missed the accepted ease of the old order and was unequipped to take advantage of the new.

In 1903, in California, Mrs. Rankin was preparing to accept a possibly forced proposal of marriage which would saved her from farther battling with a widow's world, and Blanche was obviously an obstacle in the situation. Only fifteen? Yes, but almost sixteen, and Archibald Lee, of the Philadelphia Lees, was too much in love to consider age. So Blanche was hurried into marriage with no idea of what it was all about and forced from the easy-going, Bohemian hotel life with her mother into the strict and unsympathetic family life of the man she certainly did not love. Three years of boredom and unhappiness, constant being looked down upon, and finally placed beyond the pale by failing to provide a Lee heir, moved Blanche to one of the very few decisive actions in her life. Taking the roll of bills that she had saved up in the corner of her bureau drawer, she ran away from the second chapter of a life that was never to have more than brief, chance encounters with happiness. What Blanche needed was a drop of Kitty Foyle blood.

And it is significant of the whole nature of Blanche that when she escaped from her unsuccessful marriage she never thought of going anywhere but to her mother. She ran from a protection she found distasteful to one she hoped to find more pleasant. To build a life for herself never occurred to her. Necessity would always be the only cause of self activity on Blanche's part, and necessity was close upon her heels. When her stepfather began

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looking at her in a "certain way," her mother hurried her out of the way and she commenced that straggling, undirected, never evil-intentioned life that would move tragically from periods of slight but perilous happiness when some man who seemed to love her and was willing to support her to those other stretches when she went through the gestures of holding a job and taking care of herself but without either will or understanding to help her. And time, of course, was desperately against her; years would bring pounds and wrinkles to make the easier times fewer and farther between and make the demands of her jobs harder for a head that ached and a mind that slipped ever more easily into chocolate-box dreams. The only thinking Blanche ever did in her life was of the kind soon to be ticketed "wishful!" by a gentleman in Vienna.

Miss DeFord has created an individual in Blanche Rankin and she has drawn a type. Given the bad breaks and nature Blanche had to start with, there was only one end possible. You can put your finger on many of the causes for her predestined failure—and Miss DeFord's interest in social backgrounds is clear and deepening, but Blanche has grown in the telling of her story to be a person in her own meager right escaping the stigma of horrible example. "Shaken With the Wind" is a book that falls in the category of feminine-social fiction and yet it is able to stand the strict test of narrative interest as well.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Rachel Field: All This and Heaven Too. Henrietta Desportes.
2. Conan Doyle: The Sign of Four. Mary Morstan.
3. Henry James: The Turn of the Screw. The unnamed narrator.
4. Charles Dickens: A Tale of Two Cities. Miss Pross.
5. Thackeray: Vanity Fair. Becky Sharp.
6. Stephen Leacock: Gertrude the Governess. Gertrude De Mongmorenci McFiggin.
7. Charlotte Bronte: Jane Eyre.
8. W. S. Gilbert: The Pirates of Penzance. Ruth.
9. Ellen Price Wood: East Lynne. Isabel Vane.
10. A. A. Milne: When We Were Very Young.

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How to Read Fiction

WHAT'S IN A NOVEL. By Helen E. Haines (Columbia University Studies in Library Service, Number Six.) New York: Columbia University Press. 1942. 283 *pp., and index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

NEITHER a history of the novel nor a critique of the form, "What's in a Novel" is a series of intelligent informal (and informative) essays on recent and contemporary fiction by Miss Helen E. Haines, who is, I gather, a librarian in Pasadena, California. If one does not go to Miss Haines for material that she does not pretend to give, one will find her book a rather superb job of its kind. She addresses the librarian, the woman's club member, the radio reviewer, and that lost entity, the general reader; and she assumes that the principal interest of this group is not in aesthetic theory or in historical information but in knowing the significance of several large categories of fiction and in wise reading within each category.

She has read an enormous number of novels, on most of which her judgments are both shrewd and swift. She has a large indulgence, and though she will not stop to discuss Zane Grey or Grace Livingston Hill, she plays no favorites: Ellen Glasgow and Richard Wright receive the same equable attention. An important unit in the book is a chapter on fiction from Latin America; Miss Haines's very thorough survey shows how cursory and unsystematic has been the translation of most books from that part of the world.

A final chapter entitled "Reviewing a Novel" is directed primarily at club women, radio reviewers, and the like. But it has something for all reviewers; and remembering my time as literary editor of the *Boston Transcript,* I can testify how desperately some grasp of the simple elements of reviewing is needed generally among newspaper reviewers and, I rather suspect, magazine reviewers as well. All in all, there is so little nonsense and so much that is suggestive and interesting in Miss Haines's compact pages that, though her weakness is a desire to touch on everything, her book is, I think, a solider and better job than a good many "critical" interpretations of the novel which have everything in them except any interest for the reader of fiction.

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Plato in B. E.

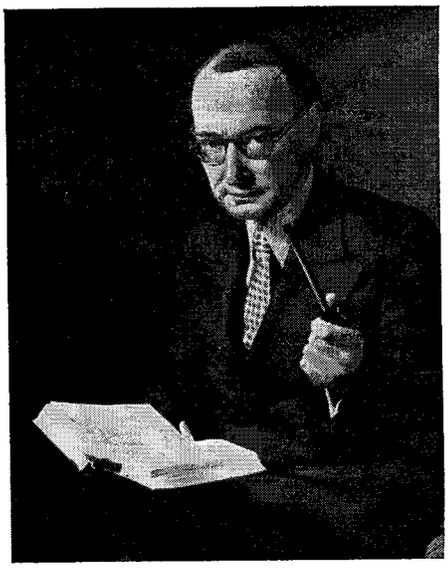
THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO: A New Version Founded on Basic English. By I. A. Richards. New York: W. W. Norton. 1942. 218 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

DR. Richards believes that "The Republic," as it stands in the English versions of the best scholars, is "ineffective for the very reasons which have made it effective in Plato's Greek. The main lines of its thought become lost among the qualifications and preparations and the polite (and to the Greek) persuasive indirections."

It is of course true that no English version of "The Republic" is entirely satisfactory: it is a harder book to translate than "The Apology," "The Phaedrus" or "The Symposium." No great English author has ever tackled it; and Dr. Richards's complaints about the Victorian version of Jowett have justice. He ignores however Dr. Lindsay's recent version which is an improvement on Jowett's and on other Victorian translations; and his own version seems to me to be inferior to Dr. Lindsay's.

Dr. Richards' aim has been to simplify and shorten; and in some of the give and take of dialogue he does very



I. A. Richards

well. He is colloquial—not so colloquial as was Samuel Butler in his Homer, but colloquial enough. For instance where Davies and Vaughan have

> "Shall you have any answer to make to that objection, my clever friend?"

Dr. Richards has

> "What's your answer to that?"

—he might have added "wise guy" without damaging the tone of his version.

Unfortunately Dr. Richards is not a very sensitive writer; and too often his style is gritty and awkward. For instance, "this word 'right' like other things, needs going into here"; again, "they will have somehow to get the best men married to the best women as frequently as possible, and the worst to the worst as infrequently as may be, so that the offspring of the first may be increased" is intolerably clumsy as spoken or written English, however it may be in "Basic." Not that this version is in pure "Basic"; Dr. Richards found that was impracticable, but the style is spancelled by basic thongs. This is most noticeable in the great story of Er, which misses both simplicity and splendour.

Still, here may be found a readable version, slightly abridged, of one of the great books most important for our time. Much of the best things, and some of the mistakes in our world today can be found in "The Republic." It has not the beauty of "The Apology" or "The Phaedrus," or the profundity of the "Timaeus"; but it has had a greater influence on our world than any book of that Hellenic culture to which the world and especially these United States owe so much. The more it is read, in any version, the better.

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ALEXANDER AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

(*Continued from page 4*)

its turn facilitated Rome's creation of a world state and Christianity's conquest of that state, was one of Alexander's chief contributions to posterity.

Mixed marriages, however, were not the only means at Alexander's disposal for the amalgamation of his empire, for even greater reliance was placed on the new common Greek culture. The cities which he founded, seventy in number according to tradition, were more often than not old settlements which he enlarged. Their primary purpose was to police the countryside and guard his communications, but since they were placed along the great trade-routes they became, together with his uniform currency, powerful stimulants of trade and unification. The colonists themselves, chiefly Greek mercenaries, had a double role, for they were not only to further the fusion of races by intermarriage, but by the very manner of their living to hold forth to the barbarians the advantages and superiority of Greek culture. It was in this latter respect that the Hellenization of Western Asia came about, since there were not enough Greeks and Macedonians for any real mixture.

Alexander's ideas were as revolutionary as the physical size of his empire, and no one, not even his friends (save Hephaestion), understood him. The Macedonians could not see that his adoption of Persian dress was a sign to the barbarians that he was their king, too; nor could they understand that his edict ordering the Greeks to deify him was a convenient device for bringing order to a divided land; and they disliked the inclusion of Asiatics in the army. Thus, in the year before his death, his men mutinied. For two days Alexander remained in his tent and would see no one, and then he called together the Persian officers and began to create a Persian army. When this was reported to the Macedonians, they were humbled and came to his tent unarmed, and with cries and lamentations asked forgiveness. Finally Alexander came out, and when he saw them, he stood there for some time, weeping. Then a Macedonian said, "O King, we are grieved because you have made Persians your kinsmen," and he interrupted, "But all of you without exception I make my kinsmen, and so from this time I shall call you." Those who wished came forward and saluted him with a kiss, and then they all returned to camp shouting and singing a song of thanksgiving.

Alexander sealed the reconciliation betwen himself and the army by a banquet for nine thousand persons. The Macedonians sat next to him, and then came the Persians and other nationalities. The king and his guests drew wine from the same bowl and poured out the same libations, the Greek seers and the Magi commencing the ceremony. Then Alexander prayed for partnership in rule and for unity and concord (in the Greek, *Homonoia,* a union of hearts) between Macedonians and Persians—a prayer, as W. W. Tarn has proved, that marks a revolution in human thought.

Alexander is remembered chiefly as a great general—as great a strategist and tactician as either Caesar or Napoleon, though he lacked the voluptousness of the one and the deception of the other—but he was also a dreamer and mystic, for, as his whole life shows, he considered it his business, in Plutarch's words, to mix all men as in a loving cup. We see this, for example, in the inclusion of barbarians in the bureaucracy and army, in the mixed marriages, in the creation of a unified and richer world with free opportunity for all. Alexander's dream of the brotherhood of man, a dream of peace and union between Greek and barbarian, sprang inevitably from his belief in the fatherhood of God; probably the reason why his personality moved so deeply the imagination of posterity was his insistence that mankind should contemplate not exclusive, "national" societies, but the idea of the *oecumene* or "inhabited world." This great dream found its natural fruition and finest expression in St. Paul's vision of a world in which there shall be "neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free."

Alexander died too soon for the full pattern of his ideas to be worked out, and no doubt he intended that the peoples of the empire should assume their share in working it out; the measure of freedom and the details of government would vary from area to area and depend in part upon the condition of civilization of the individual people. This variety would have been but the reflection of his own position in the state, for he was at once the king of Macedon and commander-in-chief of the League of Corinth, the suzerian of Indian rajahs and the adopted son of a Carian queen, the Great King of the former Persian Empire and the ally of the Greek cities of Asia Minor, a god in Greece and Egypt. Had he lived, he might have given the Mediterranean world not only a common culture, but also a form of government ensuring unity, freedom and permanence, all of which, save freedom, Rome did in fact achieve.

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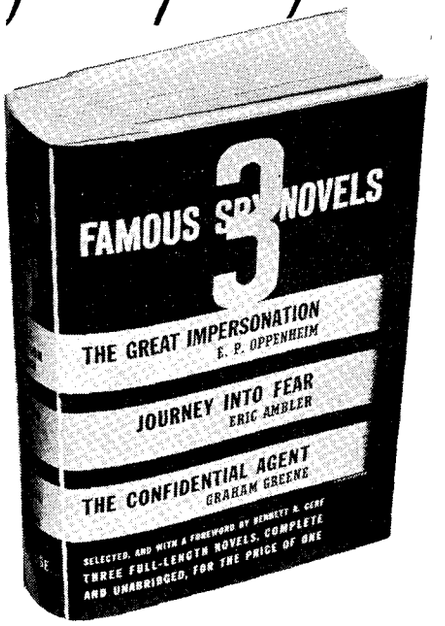

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RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.

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WILL OURSLER began his career in crime at Harvard. He earned his B. A. by doing special police reporting for a Boston newspaper—an interesting matriculation in Lit. Major and Third Degree Bloodhound. The latest result of this ominous merger is MR. OURSLER'S second book—*Folio on Florence White*—a mystery-detective story that recklessly abandons the Beaten Track from first page to last.

Once again the author of last year's successful *The Trial of Vincent Doon* delves into the confidential legal files of STRONG AND MATTHEWS to tell the story of murder. *Folio on Florence White* is a criminal docket turned into a novel. It includes actual office memoranda, transcripts of testimony, correspondence, case notations — the unemotional, impersonal documents that lie behind a tale of violence and human jeopardy.

Our Praise-from-Sir-Hubert Department reports that ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS read an advance copy of *Folio on Florence White* and wrote to the author as follows:

> "It is a thrilling story. Ordinarily, stories written by laymen dealing with lawyers, courts and law offices annoy me because of the failure to produce the proper atmosphere. It is amazing to me that you have been able to handle your story so realistically and with such a sound background in the law and character of lawyers. Also I admire your ingenuity in throwing the reader's suspicion from one person to the other and in working out the solution so cleverly and accurately. I seldom read detective stories or mysteries, but I certainly shall read all that you write."

So, if you've ever had a sneaking desire to delve into one of those mysterious locked files so carefully guarded at your lawyer's office, or even if you're just an upright citizen with a yen for a new kind of mystery story, read

FOLIO ON FLORENCE WHITE
by Will Oursler
AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY - PRICE $2.00

The Phoenix Nest

Those Saboteurs

WE find in the Webster definition of "sabotage," after the words "to practice sabotage," these: "to work carelessly." The account recently released by the OWI, from the Coast Guard files, of young Cullen's meeting with the Amagansett saboteurs, reveals considerable carelessness on the part of the Nazis. Fishermen from Southampton, which they first said they were, would not have been in bathing suits, with the noise of powerful Diesel engines clearly audible offshore. "Wait a minute," said the spokesman, "you don't know what's going on!" If that wasn't a dead give-away that something was rotten, what could be? Cullen's query about clams was met with immediate assent; he had made it because he knew the bag one of them dragged up the beach could not possibly contain clams. The Nazi spokesman apparently thought that when he refused one hundred dollars the effective thing to do would be to raise the ante. Then he got him to look long and earnestly at him and say he would not recognize him if he saw him again. Then he let him go. Can you imagine any ordinary gangster taking such a chance? It was mighty lucky for Cullen! Also, why did the Nazis hide on the beach German clothing, and, among these clothes, a cap with a swastika? Why hadn't they left their German clothing aboard the submarine? Why did the fourth man in the bathing suit start to speak in German? Why were bills given, since bills can be traced? Why was the landing made so near to the Coast Guard station that Cullen had only walked 300 yards on his six mile east patrol before he bumped into the saboteurs? It has been suggested that one of the saboteurs really was trying to give the whole show away. Some things make it look like that. Otherwise the performance of these men does not reflect much credit on the cleverness of the German school of sabotage. A youngster who had worked for Macy's delivery service till 1940 effectively set in motion the machinery of apprehension of two parties of specially trained men. The Nazi knowledge of American psychology has always been particularly dumb. Apparently one thing they were banking on was that Americans will do anything for money. Unfortunately, the behavior of some of our countrymen has sometimes lent color to that belief. But the American greed for mazuma, in certain quarters, can be considerably misleading. It really means a lot, to a good many of us, to be American.

Book-Title Poem

N. L. Rothman sends us a clipping in which the best-sellers at most of the big local stores are listed as: "And Now Tomorrow" by Rachel Field, "The Song of Bernadette" by Franz Werfel, "Until the Daybreak"

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE MAN WHO SLEPT ALL DAY *Michael Venner* (G. P. Putnam's Sons: $2.)	Various members of jittery houseparty view skewered remains of host's unpleasant brother. Mr. Melville Fairr keeps a level head.	Suspense holds up very well, characters—including sleuth—are bit on fantastic side and surprising finish may not quite convince.	Interesting *tour de force*
A TALENT FOR MURDER *Anna Mary Wells* (Knopf: $2.)	Wife who didn't know whether or not she slew hubby—tho' acquitted of slaying—consults psychiatrist who turns sleuth.	Very pretty problem, engrossingly handled up to final chapters when it has slight tendency to take bit in its teeth.	Good stuff
TO A BLINDFOLD LADY *Joseph Purtell* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.)	Reporter, about to break hot story, vanishes, and murder is suspected. Fellow newshawk investigates pretty kettle of fish.	Political and amorous intrigues in typical American city swiftly and knowledgeably described, with copious rough stuff and eyebrow lifting solution.	Rough-and-tumble
THE HOUSE WITHOUT THE DOOR *Elizabeth Daly* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Threatening letters upset woman acquitted of poisoning husband. She calls in Henry Gamage—and Co.—with amply thrilling results.	Pleasantly exciting ring-around-a-rosy sort of yarn, with perceptive sleuth and good terminal wriggle to the plot.	Pretty good

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by Louis Bromfield, "The Hour Before the Dawn" by W. Somerset Maugham, and "The Moon Is Down" by John Steinbeck. These titles have inspired in him the following poem:

MATINATA

Dark is the sky, enshrouding field and town.
The woods are hushed, air still, the moon is down.
Held in the tangled web of night, that's drawn
About all earth, the hour before the dawn.
Nothing may pierce the spell, no leaf, no bird,
Until the daybreak. Now a sound is heard
That wakes the wind and stirs the grasses—Hark,
The song of Bernadette, the herald lark,
Making Promethean music, soaring high;
And now tomorrow breaks upon the sky!

Rereading "The Pit"

The realists of another day did something toward encouraging some of the worst qualities of the old Rugged Individualist by making him sound like such a tremendous he-man, and the artist like such a lily. We have always been interested in the work of the late Frank Norris, even before he became a sort of distant connection of ours, brother of a brother-in-law, to be exact; though we never saw him in the flesh. The other night, for some reason, we decided to re-read "The Pit." In spite of certain decidedly "dated" qualities of style and sentiment (which in our own case only make for the greater enjoyment of an old book) there is no denying the driving power evident in Norris's prose, the keenness of all his senses, his "calling" as a novelist. But early in the book he has a florid passage concerning "man for whom all this crash of conflict and commerce had no terrors."

> Those who could subdue it to their purposes, must they not be themselves more terrible, more pitiless, more brutal? She shrank a little. What could women ever know of the life of men, after all? Even Landry, extravagant as he was, so young, so exuberant, so seemingly innocent—she knew that he was spoken of as a good business man. He, too, then had his other side. For him the Battle of the Street was an exhilaration. Beneath that boyish exterior, etc., etc.

The "murk and grime" of the business district, and the (capitalized) Battle of the Street, was something in which women of that day had no part. Therein even young Landry was "transformed, case hardened, supremely selfish, asking no quarter; no, nor giving any. Fouled with the clutchings and grapplings of the attack, besmirched with the elbowings of low associates and obscure allies, he set his feet toward conquest, and mingled with the marchings of an army that surged forever, etc., etc." Again, later on:

> Only the strong and brave might dare it . . . hard, rigorous, panoplied in the harness of the warrior, who strove among the trumpets, and who, in the brunt (*sic*) of conflict, conspicuous, formidable, set the battle in a rage around him, and exulted like a champion in the shoutings of the captains.

Now that is "monstrous fine," and it shows us that the early Frank Norris, who was having such fun writing that kind of rhetoric, was really a poet. (His career had begun with a very bad imitation of the poetry of Sir Walter Scott). But the rhetoric will not wash because, though it sounds mightily Nordic, it is hard to recognize in it any save such a personality perhaps as that of the late Pierpont Morgan the First, who, whatever may be said against him, *was* a rip-roaring battler in bonds (in two senses.) The artist, on the other hand. Norris sees in a sort of dim religious light, worshipping at the shrine of pure beauty—which is true of few artists we have ever known! But in writing that way, Frank Norris was merely reflecting the American folk-legend of the beginning of the century. ("The Pit" was first copyright by the Curtis Publishing Company in 1902). In America, at that time, the business man was felt to be on a sort of crusade—no one knew quite what it was all about, but it was glorious! The artist, and incidentally the intellectual, was a pale and ineffective somebody, something akin to the later lounge lizard. A good deal of that thought, in fact, persists today! You'd be surprised; Norris had truly an epic imagination and he needed big canvases. In "The Octopus" he pictured the fight against Big Interests as dynamically as as he had acclaimed the almighty business man earlier in the day. Today we have got down much to brass tacks. We realize that angles and devils do not really exist; that business men are necessary to the scheme of things, but are not precisely Nordic heroes in a lot of ironmongery, wielding battle-axes! In fact, some of the best of our business men are of a race not conspicuously given to laying about them with war-clubs. But we're still fighting the Big Interests. We'll be fighting them to the end. Still and all, it looks better, it looks decidedly better for the side of Sanity and Humanity!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 434)

H. W. LONGFELLOW:

(THE) SONG OF HIAWATHA

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
. . . . . .
That the wood-birds ceased from singing;
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

A Correction

Through an error over which the present writer had no control, an editorial by this hand, appearing in the issue of July 18, was entitled "Thoughts While Strolling (On Air Warden Duty)." The original title on the copy as submitted was "Night Thoughts About Youth." We are not an Air Raid Warden. We could not qualify physically for walking post in the small hours of the morning. We're sorry about that; but we're trying to make up for it by writing for the Government and for this paper.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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PERSONALS

VERSATILE YOUNG MAN wants novel, productive vacation. Offers appreciated. Box 397-G.

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TYPIST wanted to prepare manuscripts. Knowledge of Jewish letters necessary. Box 398-G.

SERVICE MEN! Two college grads, feminine gender, desire both sensical and nonsensical correspondence. Box 401-G.

ALL YEAR-ROUND COUNTRY BOARD. Eighteenth Century, fully modernized family house. Unusually attractive grounds. Retired but easily accessible to Village and Highways. Two adults only. Rooms with private baths. References exchanged. R.F.D. No. 183-A. Chester, Middlesex County, Connecticut.

ATTENTION COLLECTORS! Have Cesare Ripa's, Iconologia, 1645, fully illustrated and others. A private collection. Box 402-G.

DON'T BE AFRAID of the weather in New York. A hot day is invariably followed by three or four cool days. We never have sustained heat. And the evenings are delightful. A week end or longer will give you that needed rest and change of thought. Hotel Algonquin, a TRANSIENT hotel in West 44th Street near Fifth Avenue, offers comfortable, quiet rooms as low as $3.00 single, $4.50 double, or charming suites from $7.00. Famous restaurant. Owner management.

NICHEWAUG INN, Petersham, Massachusetts. A cordial welcome awaits you. Restful relaxation—wholesome recreation.

WOULD SELL LETTERS from Daniel Webster, Dolly Madison, Stephen A. Douglas, U. S. Presidents, Thomas H. Benton, John C. Beckinridge, Benjamin Rush, Lewis Cass, and other celebrities of years 1832-1854; Lord Ashburton's card, written invitations to marriage of Webster's daughter in London; also wedding ring containing eight chip diamonds. Box 415-G.

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The Crostics Club

THIS week's column is an olla podrida, a mishmash, hotchpot, chowchow, or any other olio you may choose!

Frances H. Elwyn, Croton-on-Hudson, confesses: "In some way my mind resembles the Victorian attic, filled with useless oddities. What a pleasure to find a use for a word like *chthonian,* which somehow had stuck there!" Far from objecting to slang she welcomes the "combination of vernacular and erudition" she finds in the DCs.

Frances A. Randall, Duxbury, Mass., objects to being called a "sissie," and, putting Elmer Rice in a class with John Kieran, pleads that he "be more generous to the less-gifted but none the less enthusiastic puzzlers."

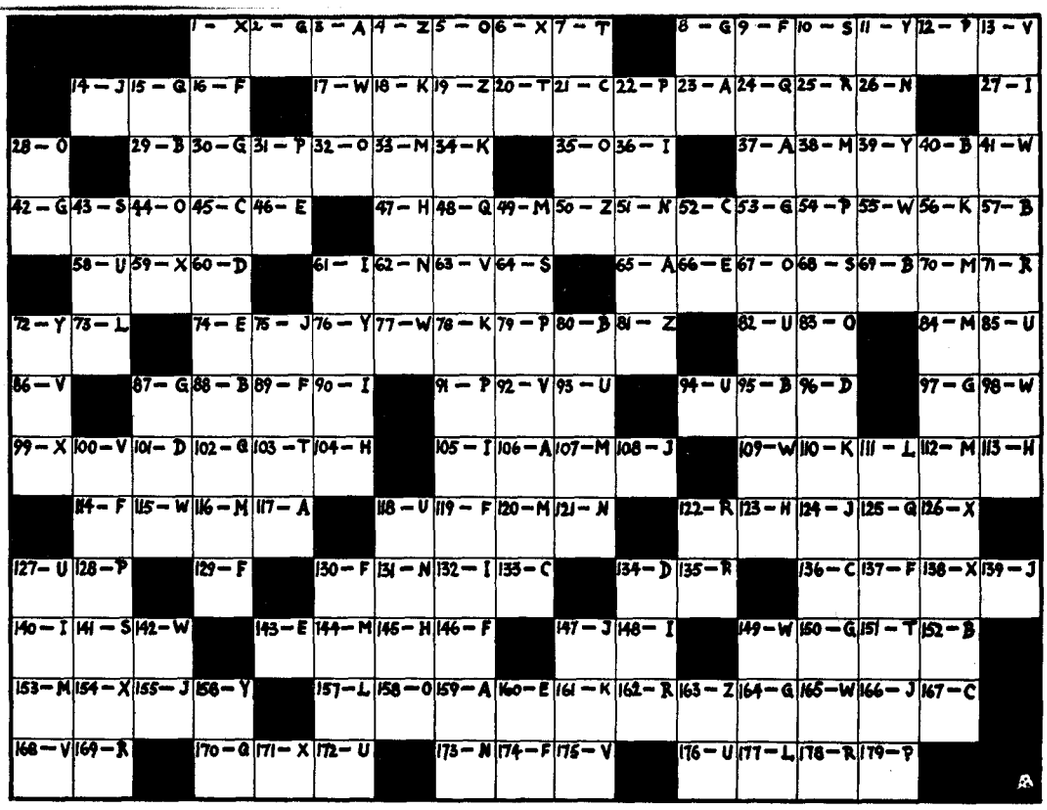
Elizabeth Bacon, Ridgefield, Conn., in no mild or uncertain terms, declares that we "let the heathen rage over *tow-row,* a nice zippy word like a sweet pickled gherkin broken in two," and, "because Elmer Rice is virtuous," she adds, "shall there be no more cakes and ale?" She thinks that he misses a lot of fun when he can't go "from Taoism in the Encyclopedia to the history of tea or to Theocritus."

Mrs. Wm. I. Cole, Fond du Lac, Wis., in similar terms protests against looking a "gift horse in the mouth."

Reference books suggested include *Little Blue Book*—5 cents—No. 455—Gelett Burgess; *The Lincoln Library*—a condensed encyclopedia—Adele Rogers St. John, Larchmont, N. Y.; *World Almanac*—Evelyn Eastman, Toledo (She has added to her library *Brewer's Phrase* and *Fable* at George Lyon's suggestion); and confirmation of my suggestion for Miriam Allen DeFord's *Who Was When,* by Florence B. Edwards, Chula Vista, Calif., and Mary L. Root, Roxburgh, Pa.

Puzzling (cont'd): Having made the diagram, we come now to the distribution of the number in the quotation-words among their respective letters in the puzzle-words. (You see, I work backward.) Herein I think I've made some progress from a random scheme that tended to scatter all the clues in only one section of the quotation, giving no intimations of the sense of the rest, to a system that, given the right conditions, ought to work. Thus, I start with the initial letters or other key words *throughout* the quotation and give them to the easier puzzle-words, whereas, on the other hand, self-evident quotation-words, like *the, an, of, to, in,* go into the harder puzzle-words. Rarely do I use two letters from a quotation-word in the same puzzle-word. If however, the quotation is erudite, the "best-laid schemes," etc. The final act of this stage is a thorough check-up to be sure that no letter of the quotation has been used twice or overlooked.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 435

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Based on self-delusion.

B. Composer of the music for *Porgy and Bess.*

C. To expunge.

D. American slaves from the lower Niger, Africa.

E. Piquant; crackbrained (slang).

F. Fairy-tale Suite by Russian composer in *Q.*

G. Determined in opinion.

H. Equivocal in merit or morality (colloq.)

I. Applied to *choice* of the thing offered or nothing.

J. Brahma, Vishu, Siva (Hindu).

K. To associate familiarly.

L. A main variety of the game of fives.

M. Title and hero of humorous poem by Burns.

N. Opera by Verdi based on a tragedy by Victor Hugo.

O. A *Sir* in Richard III.

P. A romance by Dr. Johnson.

Q. Middle name of a great Russian composer (1840-93).

R. A braggart; a climax (slang).

S. Quaker abolitionist and journalist (1789-1839).

T. Park in Rocky Mts. of Colorado.

U. Playful term of endearment (Fr.; 2 wds.)

V. Legendary British king (Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth; poem by Wordsworth).

W. De Quincey began to be one at Oxford (comp.)

X. The theory that language originated in interjections gradually acquiring meaning.

Y. Highest mt. in Lepontine Alps.

Z. Natives of one of the Baltic States.

WORDS

159 23 117 3 65 37 106

57 80 69 40 95 29 88 152

133 21 45 52 136 167

60 101 134 96

66 160 74 143 46

9 119 146 89 174 129 114 130 16 137

42 164 53 30 87 97 8 150 2

104 123 145 47 113

90 27 140 36 61 132 148

14 155 147 166 139 75 108 124

34 18 78 56 110 161

73 157 177 111

33 107 153 38 49 144 70 116 84 112 120

121 51 26 173 62 131

158 5 44 67 32 35 28 83

179 31 54 22 12 79 91 128

48 102 170 24 125 15

71 162 25 122 178 135 169

141 68 43 10 64

151 7 105 103 20

176 93 58 127 94 118 85 82 172

175 63 168 13 100 92 86

165 17 55 77 109 142 115 41 149 98

6 171 99 126 1 138 154 59

72 156 76 39 11

163 19 50 4 81

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TRADE WINDS

AFTER ALL these years, Hollywood has discovered the potency of the phrase: Book-of-the-Month-Club Selection. Over a half million people belong to the Club. It has distributed as many as 340,000 copies of a single selection ("The Moon is Down" and "Cross Creek," for example). The *Book-of-the-Month-Club News,* by Harry Scherman, is read by at least a million and a half people. It goes to libraries, universities, bookshops, literary organizations, and other assorted public institutions and, through these agencies, its information and recommendations reach millions more.

And yet, until very recently, the unfathomable picture magnates ignored this ready-made gold mine. Some of them thought it had a highbrow connotation. Others preferred to make their own brilliant discoveries. In the past year, however, the studios, starved for top-grade material, have begun to dip their fingers into the magic pool and have discovered that the water is fine. Columbia built an entire trailer around the fact that Osa Johnson's "I Married Adventure" was a B.O.M. selection. MGM cautiously noted the success of this bit of exploitation, and when it released John Marquand's "H. M. Pulham, Esq." it gave credit to the Club in both its advance publicity and in the film itself. MGM also produced an institutional short on the Book-of-the-Month Club's offices and procedure, which it intended to unreel as a trailer for "The Yearling." This film is temporarily held in abeyance by the fact that production of the picture has been postponed, but you will undoubtedly be seeing it by the end of the year.

The clincher on the potent drawing value of the Book-of-the-Month-Club accolade has been the overwhelming success of the film version of "Mrs. Miniver," which is, by the way, one of the most beautiful and stirring films I have ever seen. (An advertising executive of MGM, watching a prevue with growing excitement, was heard to murmur, "Good heavens! This picture is almost as good as we're saying it is!") Paramount is now about to film "For Whom the Bell Tolls" (with Gary Cooper and Zorina in the leading roles), David Selznick has purchased "Keys of the Kingdom," and Fox has put up the hitherto unheard of sum of three hundred thousand dollars for the rights to "The Moon Is Down."

From now on, Hollywood will probably buy every Club selection, sight unseen. I wonder what they would do with S. I. Hayakawa's "Language in Action!" . . .

THE STAFFS of all publishing houses magazines are being depleted daily by enlistments and the draft, but the *New Yorker* magazine, because most of its editors were young men under forty, has been hit particularly hard. Even before the war, Harold Ross was encountering difficulties in finding writers and editorial assistants who possessed the necessary requisites for a place in the *New Yorker* family. To make matters worse, on the rare occasions when a promising new talent was actually discovered, the newcomer almost invariably was overcome by awe of his famous compatriots and, inside of a fortnight, was turning out pieces that might just as well have been written by Sally Benson, Arthur Kober, Irwin Shaw, or St. Clair McKelway. Ross knows that Something New Must Be Added. Apply if you dare. If Ross is busy writing letters, ask to see Ik Shuman, the greatest diplomat since Talleyrand. . . .

DUTTON has reissued Colin de la Mare's excellent collection of ghost stories, "They Walk Again," with a new foreword by Billy Phelps . . . Wood Kahler, of the Sixty-second Street Kahlers, has finished a novel called "Giant Dwarf," which will be published by Liveright in September. This odd title reminds us of the "shaggy dog" story of the reporter who was assigned a long time ago to interview Mr. Barnum's famous midget, Tom Thumb. The hotel clerk directed the reporter to Room 308, but when he knocked on that door, it was opened by a giant fully nine feet tall. "I must have the wrong room," apologized the newsman. "Who were you looking for?" countered the giant. "Tom Thumb, the dwarf," laughed the reporter. "Well, come in," said the giant. "I'm Tom Thumb!" "You Tom Thumb!" the reporter scoffed. "Why, you're nine feet tall!" "I know," said the giant. "But, you see, this is my day off!" . . .

TWO WEEKS ago we noted that there existed no elementary text for a basic course in up-to-date Japanese. Clinton Simpson informs us that Whittlesey House is rushing a book through that will close the gap. It will be called "Modern Conversational Japanese." It author is Joseph K. Yamagiwa, an American-born Japanese, and instructor at the University of Michigan . . . T. Gregson, whose "Murders for Pleasure" column now appears in Harper's (Howard Haycroft is on active service), comments in the August issue, "The had-I-but-known mystery writers are fast disappearing. But, as with garden insects, when one pest is conquered another quickly appears. Today more and more murder-story authors have their characters say, 'Now, if this were only a novel instead of real life, I'd etc., etc.' Cut it out, boys! You can deceive us about your smile with a knife, but when we are reading a book, we know we are reading a book!" Our own current grievance against whodunit authors is directed to the ones who seem to be ashamed of what they have been up to and hide under some silly pseudonym. "The latest source of speculation in the literary world," trumpets a hopeful press-agent, "concerns the true identity of Basil Billingsgate, author of the new mystery sensation 'Blood in the Pantry Floor'." (Advance sale: 1322 copies.) Then, a few weeks later, in a sensational burst of candor, Basil Billingsgate rips off his disguise. And who does he turn out to be? None other than Euripides Twirp, assistant instructor of horseshoeing at Skookum State.

We see no reason at all why anybody should be ashamed of writing a first-class murder story. If he's afraid to sign his own name to it, it's a twenty-to-one shot that it's not worth the paper it's printed on.

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